

## Last Call

**Elliott Smith**

Last call; he was sick of it all,  
Asleep at home.  
Told you off and goodbye.  
Oh you know, one day it'll come to haunt you  
That you didn't tell him quite the truth.  
You're a crisis; you're an icicle;  
You're a tongueless talker;  
You don't care what you say.  
You're a jaywalker, and you just,  
Just walk away,  
And that's all you do.  
The clap of the fading-out sound of your shoes  
Made him wonder who he thought that he knew.

Last call; he was sick of it all.  
The endless stream of reminders  
Made him so sick of you,  
Sick of you,  
Sick of you,  
Sick of your sound,  
Sick of you coming around,

Trying to crawl under my skin,  
When I already shed my best defense.  
It comes out all around  
That you won,  
And I think I'm all done.  
You can switch me off safely  
While I'm lying here waiting for sleep to overtake me.

Yeah, you're still here, but just check to make sure.  
All you aspire to do is endure.  
You can't ask for more,  
Ask for more,  
Knowing you'll never get that which you ask for.  
So you cast your shadow everywhere like the man in the moon...

You start to drink, and just want to continue.  
It'll all be yesteryear soon.  
Start to drink, and just want to continue.  
It'll all be yesteryear soon.

Church bells,  
And now I'm awake,  
And I guess it must be some kind of holiday,  
I can't seem to join in this celebration.  
But I'll go to the service,  
And I'll go to pray,  
And I'll sing the praises in my maker's name,  
Like I was as good as she made me.

[illegible]

I wanted her to tell me that she would never wake me.  
I wanted her to tell me that she would never wake me.

I'm lying here, waiting for sleep to overtake me...